

CIRCA
1898

LITTLE TOT'S

PICTURE BOOK



COPYRIGHT
1898

McJUGHLIN BROS.
NEW YORK.

491

MS. SHEILA T. LAMBRINOS
425151 IRISH LAKE ROAD
RR 1
MARKDALE, ON N0C 1H0

Handwritten notes:
at ...
...
X ...
X ...

LITTLE TOTS STORIES

A TROUBLESOME DOLL

MY doll is so tiresome, I can't do any work—
She's been fretful and naughty all day.
We went for a walk—not a word would she talk,
Though I gave her some nuts on the way.

I left her, a moment, beside a clear stream ;
I came back—she was gone ; and I found
She had tumbled right in, got soaked to the skin,
And, poor thing, she was very near drowned.

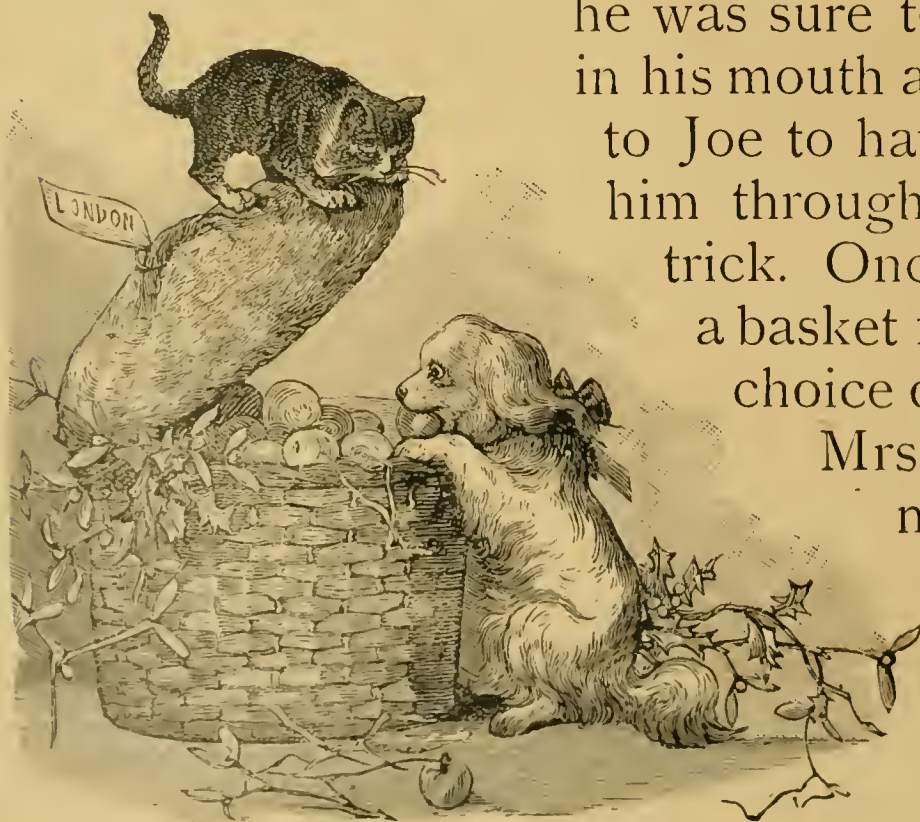


The pretty red paint came
off her dear cheeks,
And the stream bore
her ringlets
away—
I wish she would
sleep, for, if
not she will
keep
Me away from
my work
this whole
day.

JOE, FLO, AND SNOW.

SNOW was a dog, Flo was a cat, and Joe was a little colored boy. All three lived at Mrs. Lee's. Snow and Flo were good friends, but the cat did not know what to think of some of the dog's doings, and used to look at him with surprise when he would sit up at Joe's bidding, and hold an apple on his nose. This was one of the things Joe had taught Snow, and he was very proud of it; so much so, in fact, that it was not safe to leave any apples where he was, for

he was sure to seize one in his mouth and rush off to Joe to have him put him through his smart trick. Once he found a basket full of very choice ones which Mrs. Lee had made ready to send to some friends in London.



It was a good thing that Joe saw him soon, for he was taking them out one by one as fast as he could, giving each a bite before he dropped it. Joe



boxed his ears, and gave him a good scolding. The

spoiled little pet took this so

much to heart that he was sulky for quite a long time. Joe could not get him to do any of his tricks, and he would not play even with Flo. He got over his ill-feeling after a while, and was as lively as ever, but never again could he be coaxed to have anything to do with an apple.



DASH FORGOT HIMSELF.



GEORGE had a very bright, smart dog called Dash.

He had trained him to draw a wagon very well, and was quite proud of him.

But one day Dash brought shame on himself and grief to George. They were out in the fields, and Dash was trotting along as nicely as a horse. All at once a rabbit ran across their track. Dash forgot all about being a horse, and made a spring after the rabbit. It was so sudden that George was thrown out, and Dash ran amongst some rocks and broke the wagon badly. And the rabbit got away after all. George thought he would like to change the name of Dash to Smash.

SIPPITY SUP, sippity sup,
Bread and milk in a china cup;
Good food, they say, to make me grow,
And a very nice thing to eat, I know.



DOT AND FIDO.



LITTLE Miss Dot,
She was sent away,
With a letter to post,
One Summer day;
And trotted off
Without any delay.

But just as she came
To the letter-box,
She got, poor child,

The worst of shocks,
That frightened Miss Dot
From her curls to her socks.

That fierce little dog,
Who lived next door,
Was there by the side
Of the box—nay, more,
Miss Dot was quite certain
'Twas going to roar.

She never waited
For it to begin





But ran down the road,
A great hurry in ;
And down she tumbled
On nose and chin.

As there she sat sobbing,
The naughty dog popped
Up in a twinkling,
The letter she dropped,
Ran away with it,
And never stopped.

Never stopped, till the postman he met,
And down at his feet with tail wagging yet,
He laid the letter, all muddy and wet.

When Miss Dot got home in a terrible plight,
Her mother was very surprised at the sight,
And laughed at her sadly about her fright.

But when Dot heard
How Fido the clever
Had posted the letter,
Said she "I'll never
Believe he'd bite me,
No, not ever!"



So next time she met him,
She said, "How are you?"
And put out her hand,
As it's proper to do;
And Fido licked it
In friendship true.



And now they're such friends, that when it's fine
weather,
When they've letters to post, they post them
together!

OUT FOR THE DAY.

"FRIENDS," said Mr. Tray with a bark,
"Let us go and hear the band in the park:
We'll give our friends a civil bow,
A wag of the tail, and a bow-wow-wow."



So Ponto, Pincher, and
old Dog Tray,
Set out for the Park, look-
ing smart and gay,
But whether they reached
there safe and well,
Is really more than I
can tell.



PRETTY Pussy, let me stroke you,
Do not try to get away;
You don't know how much I love you,
Though you've often heard me say.



EVENING dews begin
to fall ;

Homeward you must
go :

Early hours are good
for all

Lady-bird, you know ;
To your tiny cousins fly,
Pretty little thing,
good-bye.

A FOE TO NEWS-PAPERS.

BABY BROWN dearly loved to tear up a news paper. He did it with a very grave face, and his papa thought he looked so funny when he was at work that he often gave him an old paper to tear. One day he brought home a very handsome Christmas number of a picture paper. Soon after he sat down to look at it, he was called to see a visitor. Baby was left alone in the room with the picture paper. He thought it would be just splendid to tear up, and he soon had it in his hands, making small scraps of it. When papa came back he felt he had made a mistake in training baby to tear up papers.



HE THINKS NEWS-PAPERS ARE MADE TOO BIG NOW-A-DAYS.

TOM'S JOKE.

FROM his father a box
of paints Tom got,
And of brushes and
pencils quite a lot ;
And every day he made
it a rule
To draw and paint when
free from school.
His sister sat reading,
one day, in a chair,
Grew drowsy, and, presently, fell asleep there.



Said Tom, "I will paint a mustache on Ann,
And change her at once
to a nice young man.
There's no time to lose,
I will paint it blue,
And give her a pair of
green whiskers too.'
Ann woke with a start,
and cried out,

"You won't!
I'll take good care, sir,
that you don't!"



LITTLE MISS PRY.

BESSIE'S brother, Will, calls her Miss Pry, because she tries so hard to find out any thing that she thinks is being kept secret from her. One day, about a week before her birthday, he thought he would have some fun with her, and at the same time try to cure her of her prying habits. He gave her a box, and told her that if she waited until her birth-day to open it, she would find a nice present in it; but if she opened it before then, something would pop out of it that would scare her very much.

Bessie put the box away, and felt sure, at first, that she would not look into it before the time. But she could not put the thought of the present out of her mind. What could it be? That was the question that would come up. At length she thought she would open the box a tiny crack—not enough to let any thing pop out. She pressed back the hook. Whack! went the cover, wide open, of itself, and, sure enough, out sprang a horrid “thing,” with horns and a long red tongue.

Bessie screamed and ran to the door. She



did not hear the "thing" following her, so she turned and saw that it was still in the box. As it did not move, she got over her fright a little, and began to go slowly toward it. In the picture you see her peering at it, not sure yet whether it will hurt her or not. She found out in the end that it was harmless, but a question that troubled her for a long time was, "What would have been in the box if she had not opened it before her birth-day?" Brother Will never would tell.

IN a pretty little house
Lived a naughty little mouse,
Who used to steal the butter and the cheese;
And of other things so nice
This mouse would take a slice,
Without so much as saying, "If you please."

But one day there came a cat,
That was very sleek and fat;
And when next the mouse peeped
out behind the door,
Miss Puss put out her paws,
And caught it with her claws,
And the naughty little mouse could steal no more.





WHEN my mistress went to her tea,
She shook her finger at me,
Saying, "Watch Baby Nell!
And take care of her well!"
And that's what I'm doing, you see.



